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3602

No.

30.



Dedicated, by Permission, to
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.

KING JOHN.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

Vignette Scene Print.	Designed by	Engraved by
<i>P. Arthur & Hubert</i>	<i>Burney</i>	<i>Hall.</i>
<i>Mr. Holman in the</i>	<i>Brown, after the Por-</i>	<i>Thornthwayte.</i>
<i>Char. of the Bastard</i>	<i>trait by Stewart..</i>	

BEING THE THIRTIETH NUMBER OF
BELL'S Edition of

SHAKSPERE'S WORKS,

Printed complete from the Text of
SAMUEL JOHNSON and GEORGE STEEVENS.

The First Number is The TEMPEST, beautifully embellished.

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The Third Number is MACBETH, ditto.

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 The Seventeenth Number is OTHELLO, ditto.
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 The Nineteenth Number is KING HENRY V. ditto.
 The Twentieth Number is KING LEAR, ditto.
 The Twenty-First Number is KING HENRY IV. Part I. ditto.
 The Twenty-Second Number is KING HENRY IV. Part II. ditto.
 The Twenty-Third Number is the TAMING OF THE SHREW, do.
 The Twenty-Fourth Number is CYMBELINE, ditto.
 The Twenty-Fifth Number is ALL's WELL THAT ENDS WELL, do.
 The Twenty-Sixth Number is KING HENRY VI. Part I. ditto.
 The Twenty-Seventh Number is KING HENRY VI. Part II. do.
 The Twenty-Eighth Number is KING HENRY VI. Part III. do.
 The Twenty-Ninth Number is KING RICHARD III. ditto.

To the PUBLIC.

THIS Work is intended to supercede the necessity for any other Edition whatever, as it will be calculated to gratify every class of Readers.—The Publisher intends that it shall not only be *the most perfect and beautiful Work* that Britain ever produced, but also, *the cheapest*; he humbly hopes for public Patronage, in proportion to the merits of the undertaking, and he respectfully solicits *particular attention* to the following circumstances.

The Plan is to print each Play, *singly*, and *entire*, from the last revisions of Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, and GEORGE STEEVENS, Esq. &c. with *their Characters* of the Play, and *the Origin of the Fable*, as an introductory Preface to each Play.

The Plays to be printed by Mess. FRYS and COUCHMAN, on *two sorts of paper*; the best of which will be *superfine writing-post* quality, on a new *Bourgeois* Letter, cast and *delicately dressed* on Purpose. Embellishments for this sort, will consist of a *characteristic Print*, representing a *spirited Likeness* of some favourite Performer, besides an original *Vignette Scene Print*, designed and engraved by the most eminent Artists in *London* and *Paris*. The Plays thus embellished and executed, will be sold at *one shilling and sixpence* each.

VZ.

337

Act 3

KING JOHN

Scene 2



M. Brown del. from a Portrait by M.^r Stewart.

Thornthwaite sculp.

M.^r HOLMAN in FAULCONBRIDGE.

"Austria's Head lie there"

London. Printed for J. Bell. British Library Strand June 4. 1786.





The Manuscript of the Rev. J. C. ...

... Head to the ...

London: Printed for J. B. ... 17...

... of the ...

J. F. R. E.



KING JOHN.

Hubert *Read here young Arthur*

Act 4.

Scene 1.

S. F. B. C.



KING JOHN.

Hubert *Read here young Arthur*

Act 4.

Scene 1.

Burney del.

Hall sculp.

London Printed for J. Bell British Library Strand June 9th 1786.

Bell's Edition.

KING JOHN,

B Y

WILL. SHAKSPERE:

Printed Complete from the TEXT of

SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS,

And revised from the last Editions.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the Stage, immortal SHAKSPERE rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

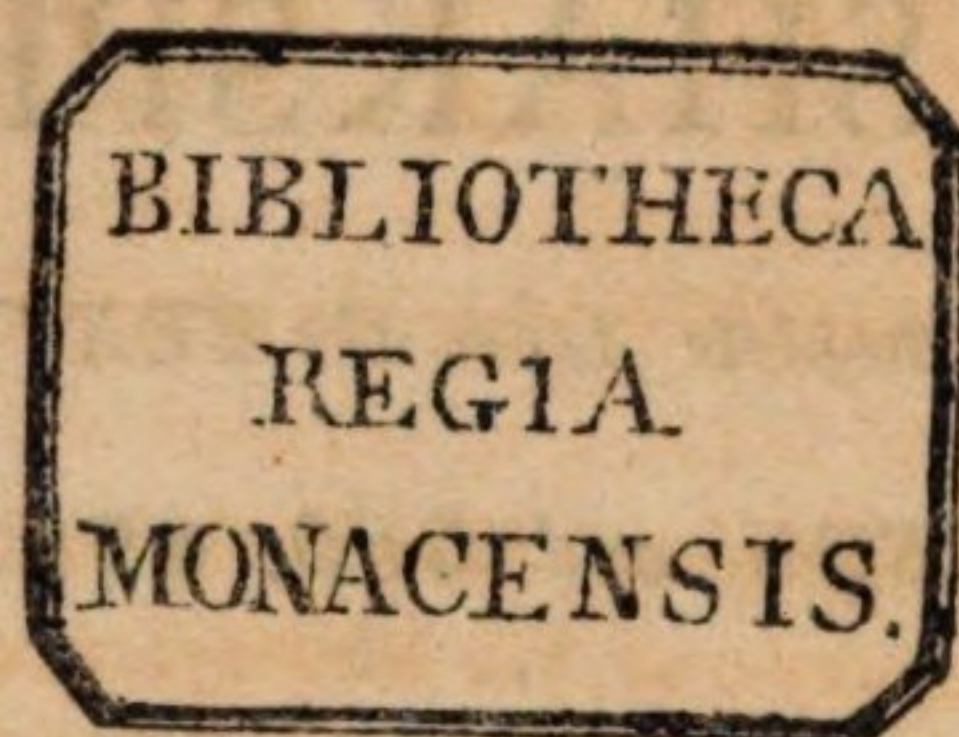
LONDON:

Printed for, and under the direction of,

JOHN BELL, British-Library, STRAND,

Bookseller to His Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES.

M D C C L X X X V I.



BIBLIOTHECA
REGIA
MONACENSIS.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE Fable AND Composition OF

KING JOHN.

THE Troublesome Reign of King John was written in two parts, by W. Shakspeare and W. Rowley, and printed 1611. But the present play is entirely different, and infinitely superior to it. POPE.

The edition of 1611 has no mention of Rowley, nor in the account of Rowley's works is any mention made of his conjunction with Shakspeare in any play. *King John* was reprinted in two parts in 1622. The first edition that I have found of this play in its present form, is that of 1623, in fol. The edition of 1591 I have not seen. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson mistakes when he says there is no mention in Rowley's works of any conjunction with Shakspeare: the *Birth of Merlin* is ascribed to them jointly; though I cannot believe Shakspeare had any thing to do with it. Mr. Capel is equally mistaken when he says (pref. p. 15.) that Rowley is called his partner in the title-page of the *Merry Devil of Edmonton*.

There must have been some tradition, however erroneous, upon which Mr. Pope's account was founded; I make no doubt, that Rowley wrote the first *King John*: and when

Shakspeare's play was called for, and could not be procured from the players, a piratical bookseller reprinted the old one, with W. Sh. in the title-page. FARMER.

The first edition of *The Troublesome Raigne of John King of England, with the Discoverie of King Richard Cordelion's base Son, vulgarly named the Bastard Fawconbridge: also the Death of King John at Swinstead-Abbey—As it was (sundry Times) publikely acted by the Queen's Majesties Players in the honourable Citie of London.*—Imprinted at London for Sampson Clarke, 1591—has no author's name in the title. On the republication in 1611, the printer who inserted the letters W. Sh. in order to conceal his fraud, omitted the words—*publikely—in the honourable Citie of London*, which he was aware would proclaim this play not to be Shakspeare's *King John*; the company to which he belonged, having no *publick* theatre in London: that in Black-Friars being a private play-house, and the Globe, which was a publick theatre, being situated in Southwark. He also, probably, with the same view, omitted the following lines addressed *to the Gentlemen Readers*, which are prefixed to the first edition of the old play:

“ You that with friendly grace of smoothed brow

“ Have entertain'd *the Scythian Tamburlaine*,

“ And given applause unto an infidel;

“ Vouchsafe to welcome, with like curtesie,

“ A warlike Christian and your countryman.

“ For Christ's true faith indur'd he many a storme,

“ And set himselfe against the man of *Rome*,

“ Until base treason by a damned wight

“ Did all his former triumphs put to flight.

“ Accept

“ Accept of it, sweete gentles, in good sort,

“ And thinke it was prepar'd for your disport.”

From the mention of *Tamburlaine*, I conjecture that Marlowe was the author of the old *King John*. If it was written by a person of the name of Rowley, it probably was the composition of that “*Maister Rowley*,” whom Meres mentions in his *Wits Treasury*, 1598, as “once a rare scholar of learned Pembroke-Hall, in Cambridge.” W. Rowley was a player in the King’s Company, so late as the year 1625, and can hardly be supposed to have introduced a play thirty-four years before. MALONE.

Hall, Holinshed, Stowe, &c. are closely followed not only in the conduct, but sometimes in the expressions throughout the following historical dramas; viz. *Macbeth*, this play, *Richard II.* *Henry IV.* 2 parts, *Henry V.* *Henry VI.* 3 parts, *Richard III.* and *Henry VIII.*

“A booke called *The Hystorie of Lord Faulconbridge, bastard Son to Richard Cordelion*,” was entered at Stationers’ Hall, Nov. 29. 1614; but I have never met with it, and therefore know not whether it was the old black letter history, or a play on the same subject. For the original *K. John*, see *Six old Plays, on which Shakspeare founded*, &c. published by S. Leacroft, Charing-Cross. STEEVENS.

Though this play hath the title of *The Life and Death of King John*, yet the action of it begins at the thirty-fourth year of his life; and takes in only some transactions of his reign at the time of his demise, being an interval of about seventeen years. THEOBALD.

The tragedy of *King John*, though not written with the utmost power of Shakspeare, is varied with a very pleasing interchange of incidents and characters. The lady’s grief is
very

very affecting; and the character of the bastard contains that mixture of greatness and levity which this author delighted to exhibit.

JOHNSON.

There is extant another play of *King John*, published in 1611. Shakspeare has preserved the greatest part of the conduct of it, as well as some of the lines. A few of these I have pointed out in the notes, and others I have omitted as undeserving notice. What most inclines me to believe it was the work of some contemporary writer, is the number of quotations from Horace, and similar scraps of learning scattered over it. There is likewise a quantity of rhiming Latin, and ballad-metre, in a scene where the Bastard is represented as plundering a monastery; and some strokes of humour, which seem, from their particular turn, to have been most evidently produced by another hand than that of Shakspeare.

Of this historical drama there is said to have been an edition in 1591 for Sampson Clark, but I have never seen it; and the copy in 1611, which is the oldest I could find, was printed for John Helme, whose name appears before no other of the pieces of Shakspeare. I admitted this play some years ago as our author's own, among the twenty which I published from the old editions; but a more careful perusal of it, and a further conviction of his custom of borrowing plots, sentiments, &c. disposes me to recede from that opinion.

STEEVENS.

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT
TO THE PRESENT TIME
IN TWO VOLUMES
BY NATHANIEL BENTLEY
OF THE BARRISTER AT LAW
IN GREAT BRITAIN
AND OF THE COUNSELLOR AT LAW
IN MASSACHUSETTS
VOL. I.
BOSTON: PUBLISHED BY
J. B. ALLEN, 1827.
NEW-YORK: J. B. ALLEN, 1827.
LONDON: J. B. ALLEN, 1827.

Dramatis Personae.

MEN.

King JOHN.

Prince HENRY, Son to the King.

ARTHUR, Duke of Bretagne, and Nephew to the King.

PEMBROKE,

ESSEX,

SALISBURY,

HUBERT,

BIGOT,

} *English Lords.*

FAULCONBRIDGE, Bastard Son to Richard the First.

ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, Half Brother to the Bastard.

JAMES GURNEY, Servant to the Lady Faulconbridge.

PETER OF POMFRET, a Prophet.

PHILIP, King of France.

LEWIS, the Dauphin.

Arch-Duke of Austria.

Cardinal PANDULPHO, the Pope's Legate.

MELUN, a French Lord.

CHATILLON, Ambassador from France to King John.

WOMEN.

ELINOR, Queen Mother of England.

CONSTANCE, Mother to Arthur.

BLANCH, Daughter to Alphonso King of Castile, and Niece to King John.

Lady FAULCONBRIDGE, Mother to the Bastard and Robert Faulconbridge.

Citizens of Algiers, Herald, Executioners, Messengers, Soldiers, and other Attendants.

The SCENE, sometimes in England; and sometimes in France.



KING JOHN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Northampton. A Room of State in the Palace. Enter King JOHN, Queen ELINOR, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, and SALISBURY, with CHATILLON.

King John.

Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the king of France,

In my behaviour, to the majesty,
The borrow'd majesty of England here.

Eli. A strange beginning ;—borrow'd majesty !

K. John. Silence, good mother ; hear the embassy.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceased brother Geffrey's son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
To this fair island, and the territories ; 10
To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine :
B Desiring

Desiring thee to lay aside the sword,
Which sways usurpingly these several titles;
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,
Thy nephew, and right royal sovereign.

K. John. What follows, if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud control of fierce and bloody war,
To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

K. John. Here have we war for war, and blood for
blood,

Controlment for controlment; so answer France. 20

Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my
mouth,

The farthest limit of my embassy.

K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace:
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;
For ere thou canst report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard:
So, hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
And sullen presage of your own decay.—
An honourable conduct let him have;—
Pembroke, look to't:—Farewel, Chatillon. 30

[*Exeunt* CHAT. and PEM.]

Eli. What now, my son? have I not ever said,
How that ambitious Constance would not cease,
'Till she had kindled France, and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her son?
This might have been prevented, and made whole,
With very easy arguments of love;
Which now the manage of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

K. John.

K. John. Our strong possession, and our right, for
us.

Eli. Your strong possession, much more than your
right; 40

Or else it must go wrong with you, and me:
So much my conscience whispers in your ear;
Which none but heaven, and you, and I, shall hear.

Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, who whispers
Essex.

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest controversy,
Come from the country to be judg'd by you,
That e'er I heard: Shall I produce the men?

K. John. Let them approach.— [Exit Sheriff.
Our abbies, and our priories, shall pay

Re-enter Sheriff with ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, and
PHILIP, his Brother.

This expedition's charge.—What men are you?

Phil. Your faithful subject I, a gentleman, 50
Born in Northamptonshire; and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge;
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou?

Rob. The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother then, it seems.

Phil. Most certain of one mother, mighty king,
That is well known; and, as I think, one father:

B i j

But,

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B i j

But,

But, for the certain knowledge of that truth, 61
I put you o'er to heaven, and to my mother;
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy
mother,

And wound her honour with this diffidence.

Phil. I, madam? no, I have no reason for it;
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pound a year:
Heaven guard my mother's honour, and my land!

K. John. A good blunt fellow. — Why, being
younger born, 71

Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

Phil. I know not why, except to get the land,
But once he slander'd me with bastardy;
But whe'r I be as true begot, or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head;
But, that I am as well begot, my liege
(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!)
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.
If old Sir Robert did beget us both, 80
And were our father, and this son like him;—
O old Sir Robert, father, on my knee
I give heaven thanks, I was not like to thee.

K. John. Why, what a mad-cap hath heaven lent
us here!

Eli. He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face,
The accent of his tongue affecteth him:
Do you not read some tokens of my son

In

In the large composition of this man? 88

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And finds them perfect Richard.—Sirrah, speak,
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

Phil. Because he hath a half-face, like my father;
With that half-face would he have all my land:
A half-fac'd groat five hundred pound a year!

Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father liv'd,
Your brother did employ my father much.—

Phil. Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land;
Your tale must be, how he employ'd my mother.

Rob. And once dispatch'd him in an embassy
To Germany, there, with the emperor, 100
To treat of high affairs touching that time:
The advantage of his absence took the king,
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's;
Where how he did prevail, I shame to speak:
But truth is truth; large lengths of seas and shores
Between my father and my mother lay
(As I have heard my father speak himself),
When this same lusty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me; and took it on his death, 110
That this, my mother's son, was none of his;
And, if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him:

And, if she did play false, the fault was her's ;
 Which fault lies on the hazard of all husbands
 That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
 Who, as you say, took pains to get this son, 121
 Had of your father claim'd this son for his ?

In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept
 This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world ;
 In sooth, he might : then, if he were my brother's,
 My brother might not claim him ; nor your father,
 Being none of his, refuse him : This concludes—
 My mother's son did get your father's heir ;
 Your father's heir must have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force,
 To dispossess that child which is not his ? 131

Phil. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,
 Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather—be a Faulcon-
 bridge,

And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land ;
 Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,
 Lord of thy presence, and no land beside ?

Phil. Madam, an if my brother had my shape,
 And I had his, Sir Robert his, like him ;
 And if my legs were two such riding-rods, 140
 My arms such eel-skins stuf't ; my face so thin,
 That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,
 Lest men should say, Look, where three-farthings
 goes !

And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,
 'Would I might never stir from off this place,

I'd give it every foot to have this face ;
I would not be Sir Nob in any case.

Eli. I like thee well ; Wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me ?
I am a soldier, and now bound to France. 150

Phil. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my
chance :

Your face hath got five hundred pound a year :
Yet sell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear.—
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

Phil. Our country manners give our betters way.

K. John. What is thy name ?

Phil. Philip, my liege ; so is my name begun ;
Philip, good old Sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

K. John. From henceforth bear his name whose
form thou bear'st : 160

Kneel thou down Philip, but arise more great ;
Arise Sir Richard, and Plantagenet.

Phil. Brother by the mother's side, give me your
hand ;

My father gave me honour, your's gave land :—
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, Sir Robert was away.

Eli. The very spirit of Plantagenet !—
I am thy grandame, Richard ; call me so.

Phil. Madam, by chance, but not by truth : What
though ?

Something about, a little from the right, 170
In at the window, or else o'er the hatch ;

Who

Who dares not stir by day, must walk by night;
 And have is have, however men do catch:
 Near or far off, well won is still well shot;
 And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

K. John. Go, Faulconbridge; now hast thou thy
 desire,

A landless knight makes thee a landed 'squire.—
 Come, madam, and come, Richard; we must speed
 For France, for France; for it is more than need.

Phil. Brother, adieu; Good fortune come to thee,
 For thou wast got i' the way of honesty! 181

[*Exeunt all but PHILIP.*]

A foot of honour better than I was;
 But many a many foot of land the worse.
 Well, now can I make any Joan a lady:—
Good den, Sir Richard—God-a-mercy, fellow;—
 And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter:
 For new-made honour doth forget men's names;
 'Tis too respectful, and too sociable,
 For your conversing. Now your traveller—
 He and his tooth-pick at my worship's mess; 190
 And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,
 Why then I suck my teeth, and catechise
 My piked man of countries:—*My dear sir*
 (Thus, leaning on my elbow, I begin)
*I shall beseech you—*That is question now;
 And then comes answer like an ABC-book:—
O sir, says answer, *at your best command;*
At your employment; at your service, sir:—
No, sir, says question; *I, sweet sir, at your's:*

And

And so, e'er answer knows what question would 200
 (Saving in dialogue of compliment;
 And talking of the Alps, and Apennines,
 The Pyrenean, and the river Pö),
 It draws toward supper in conclusion so.
 But this is worshipful society,
 And fits the mounting spirit, like myself:
 For he is but a bastard to the time,
 That doth not smack of observation
 (And so am I, whether I smack, or no);
 And not alone in habit and device, 210
 Exterior form, outward accoutrement;
 But from the inward motion to deliver
 Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth:
 Which though I will not practise to deceive,
 Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
 For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.—
 But who comes in such haste, in riding robes?
 What woman-post is this? hath she no husband,
 That will take pains to blow a horn before her?

Enter Lady FAULCONBRIDGE, and JAMES GURNEY.

O me! it is my mother:—How now, good lady?
 What brings you here to court so hastily? 221

Lady. Where is that slave, thy brother? where is he?
 That holds in chase mine honour up and down?

Phil. My brother Robert? old Sir Robert's son?
 Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man?
 Is it Sir Robert's son, that you seek so?

Lady.

Lady. Sir Robert's son ! Ay, thou unreverend boy,
Sir Robert's son : Why scorn'st thou at Sir Robert ?
He is Sir Robert's son ; and so art thou.

Phil. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a
while ? 230

Gur. Good leave, good Philip.

Phil. Philip ?—sparrow !—James,
There's toys abroad ; anon I'll tell thee more.

[*Exit JAMES.*

Madam, I was not old Sir Robert's son ;
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
Upon Good-Friday, and ne'er broke his fast :
Sir Robert could do well ; Marry, to confess !
Could he get me ? Sir Robert could not do it ;
We know his handy-work :—Therefore, good mo-
ther,

To whom am I beholden for these limbs ? 240
Sir Robert never help to make this leg.

Lady. Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,
That for thine own gain should'st defend mine ho-
nour ?

What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave ?

Phil. Knight, knight, good mother—Basilisco like :
What ! I am dub'd ; I have it on my shoulder.

But, mother, I am not Sir Robert's son ;
I have disclaim'd Sir Robert, and my land ;
Legitimation, name, and all is gone : 249

Then, good my mother, let me know my father ;
Some proper man, I hope ; Who was it, mother ?

Lady. Hast thou deny'd thyself a Faulconbridge ?

Phil.

Phil. As faithfully as I deny the devil.

Lady. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father ;
By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd
To make room for him in my husband's bed :——
Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge !——
Thou art the issue of my dear offence,
Which was so strongly urg'd, past my defence.

Phil. Now, by this light, were I to get again, 260
Madam, I would not wish a better father.
Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,
And so doth your's ; your fault was not your folly :
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose——
Subjected tribute to commanding love——
Against whose fury and unmatched force
The awless lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.
He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts,
May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother, 270
With all my heart I thank thee for my father !
Who lives and dares but say, thou did'st not well
When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.
Come, lady, I will shew thee to my kin ;

And they shall say, when Richard me begot,
If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin :

Who says, it was, he lies ; I say, 'twas not.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Before the Walls of Angiers in France. Enter PHILIP King of France, LEWIS the Dauphin, the Arch-Duke of Austria, CONSTANCE, and ARTHUR.

Lewis.

BEFORE Angiers well met, brave Austria.—
 Arthur, that great fore-runner of thy blood,
 Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,
 And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
 By this brave duke came early to his grave;
 And, for amends to his posterity,
 At our importance hither is he come,
 To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf;
 And to rebuke the usurpation
 Of thy unnatural uncle, English John : 10
 Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arthur. God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's
 death,

The rather, that you give his offspring life,
 Shadowing their right under your wings of war :
 I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
 But with a heart full of unstained love :
 Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

Lewis. A noble boy! Who would not do thee
 right?

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
 As seal to this indenture of my love ;

20
 That

That to my home I will no more return,
 'Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,
 Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,
 Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
 And coops from other lands her islanders,
 Even 'till that England, hedg'd in with the main,
 That water-walled bulwark, still secure
 And confident from foreign purposes,
 Even 'till that utmost corner of the west,
 Salute thee for her king: 'till then, fair boy, 30
 Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Const. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's
 thanks,

'Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength,
 To make a more requital to your love.

Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs, that lift their
 swords

In such a just and charitable war.

K. Phil. Well then, to work; our cannon shall be
 bent

Against the brows of this resisting town.—

Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
 To cull the plots of best advantages:— 40

We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
 Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,
 But we will make it subject to this boy.

Const. Stay for an answer to your embassy,
 Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood:
 My lord Chatillon may from England bring
 That right in peace, which here we urge in war;

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 That right in peace, which here we urge in war;

And then we shall repent each drop of blood,
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter CHATILLON.

K. Phil. A wonder, lady!—lo, upon thy wish,
Our messenger Chatillon is arriv'd.— 51
What England says, say briefly, gentle lord,
We coldly pause for thee; Chatillon, speak.

Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege,
And stir them up against a mightier task.
England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms; the adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have staid, have given him time
To land his legions all as soon as I :
His marches are expedient to this town, 60
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother-queen,
An Até, stirring him to blood and strife;
With her, her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain;
With them a bastard of the king deceas'd :
And all the unsettled humours of the land—
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens—
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birth-rights proudly on their backs, 70
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scath in Christendom.

The

The interruption of their churlish drums
 [*Drums beat.*

Cuts off more circumstance : they are at hand
 To parley, or to fight ; therefore, prepare.

K. Phil. How much unlook'd for is this expedi-
 tion!

Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much 80
 We must awake endeavour for defence ;
 For courage mounteth with occasion :
 Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

*Enter King JOHN, FAULCONBRIDGE, ELINOR,
 BLANCH, PEMBROKE, and others.*

K. John. Peace be to France ; if France in peace
 permit

Our just and lineal entrance to our own !
 If not ; bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven !
 Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
 Their proud contempt that beat his peace to heaven.

K. Phil. Peace be to England ; if that war return
 From France to England, there to live in peace ! 90
 England we love ; and, for that England's sake,
 With burthen of our armour here we sweat :
 This toil of ours should be a work of thine ;
 But thou from loving England art so far,
 That thou hast under-wrought its lawful king,
 Cut off the sequence of posterity,
 Out-faced infant state, and done a rape
 Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
 Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face ;—

These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his :
This little abstract doth contain that large, 101
Which dy'd in Geffrey ; and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.
That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his son ; England was Geffrey's right,
And this is Geffrey's : In the name of God,
How comes it then, that thou art call'd a king,
When living blood doth in these temples beat,
Which owe the crown that thou o'er-masterest ?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great commis-
sion, France, 110
To draw my answer from thy articles ?

K. Phil. From that supernal judge, that stirs good
thoughts

In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right.
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy :
Under whose warrant, I impeach thy wrong ;
And, by whose help, I mean to chastise it.

K. John. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

K. Phil. Excuse it ; 'tis to beat usurping down.

Eli. Who is it, thou dost call usurper, France ? 120

Const. Let me make answer ;—Thy usurping son.

Eli. Out, insolent ! thy bastard shall be king ;
That thou may'st be a queen, and check the world !

Const. My bed was ever to thy son as true,
As thine was to thy husband : and this boy
Liker in feature to his father Geffrey,
Than thou and John in manners ; being as like,

As

As rain to water, or devil to his dam.

My boy a bastard! By my soul, I think,

His father never was so true begot; 130

It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.

Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.

Const. There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.

Aust. Peace!

Faulc. Hear the crier.

Aust. What the devil art thou?

Faulc. One that will play the devil, sir, with you,
An a' may catch your hide and you alone.

You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard; 140

I'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right;
Sirrah, look to't; i'faith, I will, i'faith.

Blanch. O, well did he become that lion's robe,
That did disrobe the lion of that robe!

Faulc. It lies as sightly on the back of him,
As great Alcides' shoes upon an ass:—

But, ass, I'll take that burden from your back;
Or lay on that, shall make your shoulders crack.

Aust. What cracker is this same, that deafs our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath? 150

King Lewis, determine what we shall do straight.

K. Phil. Women, and fools, break off your conference.—

King John, this is the very sum of all—

England, and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,

The canon of the law is laid on him,
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

K. John. Bedlam, have done.

Const. I have but this to say—

That he's not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague 190
On this removed issue, plagu'd for her,
And with her.—Plague her son; his injury,
Her injury, the beadle to her sins,
All punish'd in the person of this child,
And all for her; A plague upon her!

Eli. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
A will, that bars the title of thy son.

Const. Ay, who doubts that? a will! a wicked
will;

A woman's will; a cankred grandam's will!

K. Phil. Peace, lady; pause, or be more temperate:
It ill beseems this presence, to cry aim 201
To these ill-tuned repetitions.—

Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
These men of Angiers; let us hear them speak,
Whose title they admit, Arthur's, or John's.

[*Trumpets sound.*]

Enter Citizens upon the Walls.

Cit. Who is it, that hath warn'd us to the walls?

K. Phil. 'Tis France, for England.

K. John. England, for itself:

You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects—

K. Phil.

K. Phil. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle. 210

K. John. For our advantage;—Therefore, hear us first.—

These flags of France, that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement :
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath ;
And ready mounted are they, to spit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls :
All preparation for a bloody siege,
And merciless proceeding by these French, 220
Confronts your city's eyes, your winking gates ;
And, but for our approach, those sleeping stones,
That as a waist do girdle you about,
By the compulsion of their ordnance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been dishabited, and wide havock made
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
But, on the sight of us, your lawful king—
Who, painfully, with much expedient march,
Have brought a countercheck before your gates, 230
To save unscratch'd your city's threaten'd cheeks—
Behold, the French, amaz'd, vouchsafe a parle :
And now, instead of bullets wrap'd in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,
To make a faithless error in your ears :
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,

And

And let us in, your king; whose labour'd spirits,
Forweary'd in this action of swift speed,
Crave harbourage within your city walls. 240

K. Phil. When I have said, make answer to us
both.

Lo, in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet;
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys:
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march these greens before your town;
Being no further enemy to you,
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal, 250
In the relief of this oppressed child,
Religiously provokes. Be pleased then
To pay that duty, which you truly owe,
To him that owes it; namely, this young prince:
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aspect, have all offence seal'd up;
Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven;
And, with a blessed and unvex'd retire,
With unhack'd swords, and helmets all unbruis'd,
We will bear home that lusty blood again, 261
Which here we came to spout against your town,
And leave your children, wives, and you, in peace.
But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the roundure of your old fac'd walls
Can hide you from our messengers of war;

Though

Though all these English, and their discipline,
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
Then, tell us, shall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it? 270
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
And stalk in blood to our possession?

Cit. In brief, we are the king of England's subjects;
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and let me
in.

Cit. That can we not: but he that proves the king,
To him will we prove loyal; 'till that time,
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove the
king?

And, if not that, I bring you witnesses, 280
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed—

Faulc. Bastards, and else.

K. John.—To verify our title with their lives.

K. Phil. As many, and as well-born bloods as
those—

Faulc. Some bastards too.

K. Phil.—Stand in his face, to contradict his
claim.

Cit. 'Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
We, for the worthiest, hold the right from both.

K. John. Then God forgive the sin of all those
souls,

That to their everlasting residence, 290
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,

In

In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king !

K. Phil. Amen, Amen !— Mount, chevaliers ! to arms !

Faulc. Saint George—that swing'd the dragon, and e'er since,

Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door,

Teach us some fence !—Sirrah, were I at home,

At your den, sirrah, with your lioness,

I'd set an ox-head to your lion's hide,

And make a monster of you.— [To AUSTRIA.

Aust. Peace ; no more. 300

Faulc. O, tremble ! for you hear the lion roar.

K. John. Up higher to the plain ; where we'll set forth,

In best appointment, all our regiments.

Faulc. Speed then, to take advantage of the field.

K. Phil. It shall be so ;—and at the other hill

Command the rest to stand.—God, and our right !

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

After Excursions, enter the Herald of France, with Trumpets, to the Gates.

F. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, duke of Bretagne, in ;
Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother, 310
Whose

Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground :
 Many a widow's husband groveling lies,
 Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth ;
 And victory, with little loss, doth play
 Upon the dancing banners of the French ;
 Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
 To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
 Arthur of Bretagne, England's king, and yours.

Enter English Herald, with Trumpets.

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your
 bells ;
 King John, your king and England's, doth approach,
 Commander of this hot malicious day ! 321
 Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,
 Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood ;
 There stuck no plume in any English crest,
 That is removed by a staff of France ;
 Our colours do return in those same hands
 That did display them when we first march'd forth ;
 And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
 Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
 Dy'd in the dying slaughter of their foes : 330
 Open your gates, and give the victors way.

Cit. Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,
 From first to last, the onset and retire
 Of both your armies ; whose equality
 By our best eyes cannot be censured :
 Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd
 blows ;

Strength

Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted
power :

Both are alike ; and both alike we like.

One must prove greatest : while they weigh so even,
We hold our town for neither ; yet for both. 340

Enter the two Kings with their Powers, at several Doors.

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast
away ?

Say, shall the current of our right run on ?

Whose passage vext with thy impediment,

Shall leave his native channel, and o'er-swell

With course disturb'd even thy confining shores ;

Unless thou let his silver water keep

A peaceful progress to the ocean.

K. Phil. England, thou hast not sav'd one drop
of blood,

In this hot trial, more than we of France ;

Rather, lost more : And by this hand I swear, 350

That sways the earth this climate overlooks—

Before we will lay down by our just-borne arms,

We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we
bear,

Or add a royal number to the dead ;

Gracing the scroll, that tells of this war's loss,

With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Faulc. Ha, majesty ! how high thy glory towers,

When the rich blood of kings is set on fire !

Oh, now doth death line his dead chaps with steel ;

The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his phangs ; 360

D

And

And now he feasts, mouthing the flesh of men,
 In undetermin'd differences of kings.—
 Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?
 Cry, havock, kings! back to the stained field,
 You equal potents, fiery-kindled spirits!
 Then let confusion of one part confirm
 The other's peace; 'till then, blows, blood, and
 death!

K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?

K. Phil. Speak, citizens, for England; who's
 your king?

Cit. The king of England, when we know the king.

K. Phil. Know him in us, that here hold up his
 right. 371

K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,
 And bear possession of our person here;
 Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

Cit. A greater power, than ye, denies all this;
 And, 'till it be undoubted, we do lock
 Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates:
 King'd of our fears; until our fears, resolv'd,
 Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.

Faulc. By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout
 you, kings; 380
 And stand securely on their battlements,
 As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
 At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
 Your royal presences be rul'd by me;
 Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,
 Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend

Your

Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town :
 By east and west let France and England mount
 Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths ;
 'Till their soul-fearing clamours have brawl'd down
 The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city : 391
 I'd play incessantly upon these jades,
 Even 'till unfenced desolation
 Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
 That done, dissever your united strengths,
 And part your mingled colours once again ;
 Turn face to face, and bloody point to point :
 Then, in a moment, fortune shall cull forth
 Out of one side her happy minion ;
 To whom in favour she shall give the day, 400
 And kiss him with a glorious victory.
 How like you this wild counsel, mighty states ?
 Smacks it not something of the policy ?

K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above our
 heads,

I like it well :—France, shall we knit our powers,
 And lay this Angiers even with the ground ;
 Then, after, fight who shall be king of it ?

Faulc. An if thou hast the mettle of a king—
 Being wrong'd, as we are, by this peevish town—
 Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery, 410
 As we will ours, against these saucy walls :
 And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
 Why, then defy each other ; and, pell-mell,
 Make work upon ourselves, for heaven, or hell.

K. Phil. Let it be so : Say, where will you assault ?

D i j

K. John.

K. John. We from the west will send destruction
Into this city's bosom.

Aust. I from the north.

K. Phil. Our thunder from the south,
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town. 420

Faulc. O prudent discipline ! From north to south ;
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth :

[*Aside.*
I'll stir them to it : Come, away, away !

Cit. Hear us, great kings : vouchsafe a while to
stay,
And I shall shew you peace, and fair-fac'd league ;
Win you this city without stroke or wound ;
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field :
Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.

K. John. Speak on, with favour ; we are bent to
hear. 430

Cit. That daughter there of Spain, the lady Blanch,
Is near to England ; Look upon the years
Of Lewis the dauphin, and that lovely maid :
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch ?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch ?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than lady Blanch ?
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth, 440
Is the young dauphin every way complete :
If not complete, oh say, he is not she ;

And

And she again wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not, that she is not he :
He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such a she ;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
Oh, two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in : 450
And two such shores to two such streams made one,
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
To these two princes, if you marry them.
This union shall do more than battery can,
To our fast-closed gates ; for, at this match,
With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance : but, without this match,
The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks 460
More free from motion ; no, not death himself
In mortal fury half so peremptory,
As we to keep this city.

Faulc. Here's a stay,
That shakes the rotten carcass of old death
Out of his rags ! Here's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and
seas ;
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs !
What cannoneer begot this lusty blood ? 470
He speaks plain cannon, fire, and smoke, and bounce ;

D i i j

He

He gives the bastinado with his tongue;
 Our ears are cudgel'd; not a word of his,
 But buffets better than a fist of France:
 Zounds! I was never so bethumpt with words,
 Since I first call'd my brother's father, dad.

Eli. Son, list to this conjunction, make this match;
 Give with our niece a dowry large enough:
 For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
 Thy now unsur'd assurance to the crown, 480
 That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe
 The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.
 I see a yielding in the looks of France;
 Mark, how they whisper: urge them, while their
 souls

Are capable of this ambition;
 Lest zeal, now melted, by the windy breath
 Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,
 Cool and congeal again to what it was.

Cit. Why answer not the double majesties
 This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town? 490

K. Phil. Speak England first, that hath been for-
 ward first

To speak unto this city: What say you?

K. John. If that the dauphin there, thy princely son,
 Can in this book of beauty read, I love,
 Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:
 For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poictiers,
 And all that we upon this side the sea
 (Except this city now by us besieg'd)
 Find liable to our crown and dignity,
 Shall gild her bridal bed; and make her rich 500

In

In titles, honours, and promotions,
As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any princess of the world.

K. Phil. What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's
face.

Lewis. I do, my lord; and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;
Which, being but the shadow of your son,
Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow:
I do protest, I never lov'd myself, 510
'Till now infixed I beheld myself,
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

[*Whispers with BLANCH.*

Faulc. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!—
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!—
And quarter'd in her heart!—he doth espy
Himself love's traitor: This is pity now,
That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there should
be,

In such a love, so vile a lout as he.

Blanch. My uncle's will, in this respect, is mine:
If he see aught in you, that makes him like, 520
That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,
I can with ease translate it to my will;
Or, if you will (to speak more properly)
I will enforce it easily to my love.
Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
That all I see in you is worthy love,
Than this—that nothing do I see in you

(*Though*

(Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your judge),

That I can find should merit any hate.

K. John. What say these young ones? What say you, my niece? 530

Blanch. That she is bound in honour still to do What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

K. John. Speak then, prince dauphin; can you love this lady?

Lewis. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love; For I do love her most unfeignedly.

K. John. Then do I give Volquessen, Touraine, Maine,

Poictiers, and Anjou, these five provinces, With her to thee; and this addition more, Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.—

Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal, 540 Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

K. Phil. It likes us well;—Young princes, close your hands.

Aust. And your lips too; for, I am well assur'd, That I did so, when I was first assur'd.

K. Phil. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates, Let in that amity which you have made; For at saint Mary's chapel, presently, The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd.—

Is not the lady Constance in this troop?—

I know, she is not; for this match, made up, 550 Her presence would have interrupted much:—

Where is she and her son; tell me, who knows?

Lewis. She is sad and passionate at your highness' tent.

K. Phil. And, by my faith, this league, that we have made,

Will give her sadness very little cure.—

Brother of England, how may we content

This widow lady? In her right we came;

Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,

To our own vantage.

K. John. We will heal up all :

560

For we'll create young Arthur duke of Bretagne,

And earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town

We make him lord of.—Call the lady Constance;

Some speedy messenger bid her repair

To our solemnity:—I trust we shall,

If not fill up the measure of her will,

Yet in some measure satisfy her so,

That we shall stop her exclamation.

Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,

To this unlook'd for unprepared pomp.

570

[*Exeunt all but FAULCONBRIDGE.*

Faulc. Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!
John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,

Hath willingly departed with a part:

And France (whose armour conscience buckled on;

Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,

As God's own soldier) rounded in the ear

With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil;

That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith;

That daily break-vow; he that wins of all,

Of

Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,
(Who having no external thing to lose 581
But the word maid, cheats the poor maid of that)
That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling commodity—
Commodity, the bias of the world ;
The world, who of itself is peised well,
Made to run even, upon even ground ;
'Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent : 590
And this same bias, this commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapt on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,
From a resolv'd and honourable war,
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.—
And why rail I on this commodity ?
But for because he hath not woo'd me yet :
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels would salute my palm ; 600
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
And say—there is no sin, but to be rich ;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
To say—there is no vice, but beggary :
Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord ; for I will worship thee ! [Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The French King's Pavilion. Enter CONSTANCE,
ARTHUR, *and* SALISBURY.

Constance.

GONE to be marry'd! gone to swear a peace!
False blood to false blood join'd! Gone to be friends!
Shall Lewis have Blanch? and Blanch those pro-
vinces?

It is not so; thou hast mis-spoke, mis-heard;
Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again:
It cannot be; thou dost but say, 'tis so;
I trust, I may not trust thee; for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man:
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;
I have a king's oath to the contrary. 10

Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,
For I am sick, and capable of fears;
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears:
And though thou now confess, thou didst but jest,
With my vext spirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.

What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son? 20
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?

Be

Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true, as, I believe, you think them false,
That give you cause to prove my saying true.

Const. Oh, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die; 30
And let belief and life encounter so,
As doth the fury of two desperate men,
Which, in the very meeting, fall, and die.—

Lewis marry Blanch! Oh, boy, then where art thou?
France friend with England! what becomes of me?—
Fellow, be gone; I cannot brook thy sight;
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
But spoke the harm that is by others done?

Const. Which harm within itself so heinous is, 40
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

Arth. I do beseech you, madam, be content.

Const. If thou, that bidst me be content, wert grim,
Ugly, and sland'rous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots, and sightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content;
For then I should not love thee; no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown. 50
But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy!
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great:
Of nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,

And

And with the half-blown rose : but fortune, oh !
 She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee ;
 She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John ;
 And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
 To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
 And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
 France is a bawd to fortune, and king John ; 60
 That strumpet fortune, that usurping John :—
 Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn ?
 Envenom him with words ; or get thee gone,
 And leave those woes alone, which I alone
 Am bound to under-bear.

Sal. Pardon me, madam,
 I may not go without you to the kings.

Const. Thou may'st, thou shalt, I will not go with
 thee :

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud ;
 For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout. 70
 To me, and to the state of my great grief,
 Let kings assemble ; for my grief's so great,
 That no supporter but the huge firm earth
 Can hold it up : here I and sorrows sit ;
 Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

[*Throws herself on the Ground.*]

*Enter King JOHN, King PHILIP, LEWIS, BLANCH,
 ELINOR, FAULCONBRIDGE, and AUSTRIA.*

K. Phil. 'Tis true, fair daughter ; and this blessed
 day
 Ever in France shall be kept festival :

E

To

To solemnize this day, the glorious sun
 Stays in his course, and plays the alchymist;
 Turning, with splendor of his precious eye, 80
 The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold:
 The yearly course, that brings this day about,
 Shall never see it but a holy-day.

Const. A wicked day, and not a holy-day!—

[*Rising.*

What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done;
 That it in golden letters should be set,
 Among the high tides, in the kalendar?
 Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week;
 This day of shame, oppression, perjury:
 Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child 90
 Pray, that their burthens may not fall this day,
 Lest that their hopes prodigiously be crost:
 But on this day, let seamen fear no wreck;
 No bargains break, that are not this day made:
 This day, all things begun come to ill end;
 Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

K. Phil. By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
 To curse the fair proceedings of this day:
 Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty? 99

Const. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit,
 Resembling majesty; which, being touch'd, and
 try'd,

Proves valueless: You are forsworn, forsworn;
 You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
 But now in arms you strengthen it with your's:
 The grappling vigour and rough frown of war,

Is

Is cold in amity and painted peace,
 And our oppression hath made up this league :—
 Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd kings !
 A widow cries ; be husband to me, heavens !
 Let not the hours of this ungodly day 110
 Wear out the day in peace ; but, ere sun-set,
 Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd kings !
 Hear me, oh, hear me !

Aust. Lady Constance, peace.

Const. War ! war ! no peace ! peace is to me a war.
 O Lymoges ! O Austria ! thou dost shame
 That bloody spoil : Thou slave, thou wretch, thou
 coward ;
 Thou little valiant, great in villany !
 Thou ever strong upon the stronger side !
 Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight 120
 But when her humourous ladyship is by
 To teach thee safety ! thou art perjur'd too,
 And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,
 A ramping fool ; to brag, and stamp, and swear,
 Upon my party ! Thou cold-blooded slave,
 Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side ?
 Been sworn my soldier ? bidding me depend
 Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength ?
 And dost thou now fall over to my foes ?
 Thou wear a lion's hide ! doff it for shame, 130
 And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. O, that a man would speak those words to me !

Faulc. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.

Faulc. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

K. John. We like not this; thou dost forget thyself.

Enter PANDULPH.

K. Phil. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven!—

To thee, king John, my holy errand is.

I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal, 140

And from pope Innocent the legate here,

Do, in his name, religiously demand,

Why thou against the church, our holy mother,

So wilfully dost spurn; and, force perforce,

Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop

Of Canterbury, from that holy see?

This, in our 'foresaid holy father's name,

Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthly name, to interrogatories,

Can task the free breath of a sacred king? 150

Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name

So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,

To charge me to an answer, as the pope.

Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England,

Add thus much more—That no Italian priest

Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;

But as we under heaven are supreme head,

So, under him, that great supremacy,

Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,

Without the assistance of a mortal hand: 160

So

So tell the pope ; all reverence set apart,
To him, and his usurp'd authority.

K. Phil. Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

K. John. Though you, and all the kings of Christ-
endom,

Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out ;
And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself :

Though you, and all the rest, so grossly led, 170
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish ;
Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose
Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then, by the lawful power that I have,
Thou shalt stand curst, and excommunicate :
And blessed shall he be, that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretick ;
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canoniz'd, and worship'd as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course 180
Thy hateful life.

Const. O, lawful let it be,
That I have room with Rome to curse a while !
Good father cardinal, cry thou, amen,
To my keen curses ; for, without my wrong,
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

Pand. There's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.

Const. And for mine too ; when law can do no right,
Let it be lawful, that law bar no wrong :

Law cannot give my child his kingdom here ; 190
For he, that holds his kingdom, holds the law :
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse ?

Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretick ;
And raise the power of France upon his head,
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

Eli. Look'st thou pale, France ? do not let go thy
hand.

Const. Look to that, devil ! lest that France repent,
And, by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul. 200

Aust. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.

Faulc. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.

Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,
Because—

Faulc. Your breeches best may carry them.

K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal ?

Const. What should he say, but as the cardinal ?

Lewis. Bethink you, father ; for the difference
Is, purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,
Or the light loss of England for a friend : 210
Forego the easier.

Blanch. That's the curse of Rome.

Const. O Lewis, stand fast ; the devil tempts thee
here

In likeness of a new untrimmed bride.

Blanch. The lady Constance speaks not from her
faith,

But from her need.

Const.

Const. Oh, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle——
That faith will live again by death of need : 220
O, then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up ;
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.

K. John. The king is mov'd, and answers not to this.

Const. O, be remov'd from him, and answer well.

Aust. Do so, king Philip ; hang no more in doubt.

Faulc. Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet
lout.

K. Phil. I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.

Pand. What canst thou say, but will perplex thee
more,

If thou stand excommunicate, and curst ?

K. Phil. Good reverend father, make my person
your's, 230

And tell me, how you would bestow yourself.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit ;
And the conjunction of our inward souls
Marry'd in league, coupled and link'd together
With all religious strength of sacred vows ;
The latest breath, that gave the sound of words,
Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,
Between our kingdoms, and our royal selves ;
And even before this truce, but new before—
No longer than we well could wash our hands, 240
To clap this royal bargain up of peace——
Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and over-stain'd
With slaughter's pencil ; where revenge did paint

The

The fearful difference of incensed kings :
And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,
So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,
Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regret ?
Play fast and loose with faith ? so jest with heaven,
Make such unconstant children of ourselves,
As now again to snatch our palm from palm ; 250
Unswear faith sworn ; and on the marriage bed
Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,
And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true sincerity ? O holy sir,
My reverend father, let it not be so :
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
Some gentle order ; and then we shall be blest
To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formless, order orderless,
Save what is opposite to England's love. 260
Therefore, to arms ! be champion of our church !
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,
A mother's curse, on her revolting son.
France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the tongue,
A cased lion by the mortal paw,
A fasting tyger safer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

K. Phil. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

Pand. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith ;
And, like a civil war, set'st oath to oath, 270
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow
First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd ;
That is, to be the champion of our church !

What

What since thou swor'st, is sworn against thyself,
And may not be performed by thyself:
For that, which thou hast sworn to do amiss,
Is't not amiss, when it is truly done?
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then most done not doing it:
The better act of purposes mistook 280
Is, to mistake again; though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And falsehood falsehood cures; as fire cools fire,
Within the scorched veins of one new burn'd.
It is religion, that doth make vows kept;
But thou hast sworn against religion:
By which thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st;
And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth
Against an oath: The truth thou art unsure
To swear, swear only not to be forsworn; 290
Else, what a mockery should it be to swear?
But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;
And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.
Therefore, thy latter vows, against thy first,
Is in thyself rebellion to thyself:
And better conquest never canst thou make,
Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
Against these giddy loose suggestions:
Upon which better part our prayers come in,
If thou vouchsafe them: but, if not, then know, 300
The peril of our curses light on thee;
So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off,
But, in despair, die under their black weight.

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion!

Faulc. Will't not be?

Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine?

Lewis. Father, to arms!

Blanch. Upon thy wedding-day?

Against the blood that thou hast married? 309

What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men?

Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish drums—

Clamours of hell—be measures to our pomp?

O husband, hear me!—aye, alack, how new

Is husband in my mouth!—even for that name,

Which 'till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,

Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms.

Against mine uncle.

Const. Oh, upon my knee,

Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,

Thou virtuous dauphin, alter not the doom 320

Fore-thought by heaven.

Blanch. Now shall I see thy love; What motive

may

Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

Const. That which upholdeth him that thee up-

holds,

His honour: Oh, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour!

Lewis. I muse, your majesty doth seem so cold,

When such profound respects do pull you on.

Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

K. Phil. Thou shalt not need:—England, I'll fall

from thee!

Const. O fair return of banish'd majesty! 330

Eli.

Eli. O foul revolt of French inconstancy!

K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within
this hour.

Faulc. Old time the clock-setter, that bald sexton
time,

Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.

Blanch. The sun's o'ercast with blood: Fair day,
adieu!

Which is the side that I must go withal?

I am with both: each army hath a hand;

And, in their rage, I having hold of both,

They whirl asunder, and dismember me.

Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'st win; 340

Uncle, I needs must pray that thou may'st lose;

Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;

Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:

Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;

Assured loss, before the match be play'd.

Lewis. Lady, with me; with me thy fortune lies.

Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my
life dies.

K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance together.—

[Exit FAULCONBRIDGE.]

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;

A rage, whose heat hath this condition, 350

That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,

The blood, and dearest-valu'd blood, of France.

K. Phil. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou
shalt turn

To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:

Look

Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he that threats — To arms,
let's hie !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Field of Battle. Alarums, Excursions: Enter FAULCONBRIDGE, with AUSTRIA's Head.

Faulc. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot ;

Some airy devil hovers in the sky,
And pours down mischief. Austria's head lie there ;
While Philip breathes. 360

Enter King JOHN, ARTHUR, and HUBERT.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy :—Philip, make up ;

My mother is assailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.

Faulc. My lord, I rescu'd her ;
Her highness is in safety, fear you not :
But on, my liege ; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE III.

Alarums, Excursions, Retreat. Re-enter King JOHN, ELINOR, ARTHUR, FAULCONBRIDGE, HUBERT, and Lords.

K. John. So shall it be ; your grace shall stay behind,
[*To ELINOR.*]
So strongly guarded.—Cousin, look not sad :

[*To ARTHUR.*]
Thy grandam loves thee ; and thy uncle will 370
As dear be to thee as thy father was.

Arth. O, this will make my mother die with grief.

K. John. Cousin, away for England ; haste before :
[*To FAULCONBRIDGE.*]

And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots ; imprisoned angels
Set at liberty : the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry, now be fed upon :
Use our commission in his utmost force.

Faulc. Bell, book, and candle, shall not drive me
back,
When gold and silver becks me to come on. 380
I leave your highness :—Grandam, I will pray
(If ever I remember to be holy)
For your fair safety ; so I kiss your hand.

Eli. Farewel, gentle cousin.

K. John. Coz, farewell. [*Exit FAULC.*]

Eli. Come hither, little kinsman ; hark, a word.

[*Taking him to one Side of the Stage.*]

F

K. John.

Eli. My blessing go with thee!

K. John. For England, cousin, go:
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The French Court. Enter King PHILIP, LEWIS, PANDULPH, and Attendants.

K. Phil. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
A whole armado of collected sail 450
Is scatter'd, and disjoin'd from fellowship.

Pand. Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.

K. Phil. What can go well, when we have run so
ill?

Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?
And bloody England into England gone,
O'er-bearing interruption, spite of France?

Lewis. What he hath won, that hath he fortify'd:
So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause, 460
Doth want example; Who hath read, or heard,
Of any kindred action like to this?

K. Phil. Well could I bear that England had this
praise,
So we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter

Enter CONSTANCE.

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath:—

I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.

Const. Lo, now! now see the issue of your peace!

K. Phil. Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle Con-
stance!

470

Const. No, I defy all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death!—Oh amiable lovely death!
Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy detestable bones;
And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows;
And ring these fingers with thy household worms;
And stop this gasp of breath with fulsome dust, 480
And be a carrion monster like thyself:
Come, grin on me; and I will think thou smil'st,
And buss thee as thy wife! Misery's love,
Oh, come to me!

K. Phil. Oh fair affliction, peace.

Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:—
Oh, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!
Then with a passion would I shake the world;
And rouze from sleep that fell anatomy,
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice, 490
Which scorns a modern invocation.

F i i j

Pand.

Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Const. Thou art unholy to belie me so ;
 I am not mad : this hair I tear is mine ;
 My name is Constance ; I was Geoffrey's wife ;
 Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost :
 I am not mad ;—I would to heaven, I were !
 For then, 'tis like I should forget myself :
 Oh, if I could, what grief should I forget !—
 Preach some philosophy to make me mad, 500
 And thou shalt be canoniz'd, cardinal ;
 For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
 My reasonable part produces reason
 How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
 And teaches me to kill or hang myself :
 If I were mad, I should forget my son ;
 Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he :
 I am not mad ; too well, too well I feel
 The different plague of each calamity.

K. Phil. Bind up those tresses : Oh, what love I
 note 510

In the fair multitude of those her hairs !
 Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,
 Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends
 Do glew themselves in sociable grief ;
 Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
 Sticking together in calamity.

Const. To England, if you will.

K. Phil. Bind up your hairs.

Const. Yes, that I will ! And wherefore will I do it ?
 I tore them from their bonds ; and cry'd aloud, 520

Oh

Oh that these hands could so redeem my son,
As they have given these hairs their liberty!
 But now I envy at their liberty,
 And will again commit them to their bonds,
 Because my poor child is a prisoner.—
 And, father cardinal, I have heard you say,
 That we shall see and know our friends in heaven :
 If that be true, I shall see my boy again ;
 For, since the birth of Cain, the first male-child,
 To him that did but yesterday suspire, 530
 There was not such a gracious creature born.
 But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
 And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
 And he will look as hollow as a ghost ;
 As dim and meagre as an ague's fit ;
 And so he'll die ; and, rising so again,
 When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
 I shall not know him : therefore never, never
 Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief. 540

Const. He talks to me, that never had a son.

K. Phil. You are as fond of grief, as of your child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
 Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me ;
 Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
 Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
 Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form ;
 Then, have I reason to be fond of grief ?
 Fare you well : had you such a loss as I,
 I could give better comfort than you do.— 550

I will

I will not keep this form upon my head,

[*Tearing off her Head-Dress.*]

When there is such disorder in my wit.

O Lord ! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son !

My life, my joy, my food, my all the world !

My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure ! [*Exit.*]

K. Phil. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her.

[*Exit.*]

Lewis. There's nothing in this world can make
me joy :

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,

Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man ; 559

And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste,

That it yields nought, but shame, and bitterness.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,

Even in the instant of repair and health,

The fit is strongest ; evils, that take leave,

On their departure most of all shew evil :

What have you lost by losing of this day ?

Lewis. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

Pand. If you had won it, certainly, you had.

No, no : when fortune means to men most good,

She looks upon them with a threatening eye. 570

'Tis strange, to think how much king John hath lost

In this which he accounts so clearly won :

Are not you griev'd, that Arthur is his prisoner ?

Lewis. As heartily, as he is glad he hath him.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.

Now hear me speak, with a prophetic spirit ;

For even the breath of what I mean to speak

Shall

Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,
 Out of the path which shall directly lead
 Thy foot to England's throne; and, therefore, mark.
 John hath seiz'd Arthur; and it cannot be, 581
 That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,
 The mis-plac'd John should entertain an hour,
 One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest:
 A sceptre, snatch'd with an unruly hand,
 Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd:
 And he, that stands upon a slippery place,
 Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up:
 That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall;
 So be it, for it cannot be but so. 590

Lewis. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?

Pand. You, in the right of lady Blanch your wife,
 May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

Lewis. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

Pand. How green you are, and fresh in this old
 world!

John lays you plots; the times conspire with you:
 For he, that steeps his safety in true blood,
 Shall find but bloody safety, and untrue.
 This act, so evilly born, shall cool the hearts
 Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal; 600
 That none so small advantage shall step forth,
 To check his reign, but they will cherish it:
 No natural exhalation in the sky,
 No scape of nature, no distemper'd day,
 No common wind, no custom'd event,
 But they will pluck away his natural cause,

And

And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,
Abortives, presages, and tongues of heaven,
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

Lewis. May be, he will not touch young Arthur's
life, 610

But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

Pand. O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
If that young Arthur be not gone already,
Even at that news he dies : and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him,
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change ;
And pick strong matter of revolt, and wrath,
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.
Methinks, I see this hurly all on foot ;
And, O, what better matter breeds for you, 620
Than I have nam'd !—The bastard Faulconbridge
Is now in England, ransacking the church,
Offending charity : If but a dozen French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To train ten thousand English to their side ;
Or, as a little snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. O noble dauphin,
Go with me to the king : 'Tis wonderful,
What may be wrought out of their discontent :
Now that their souls are top-full of offence, 630
For England go ; I will whet on the king.

Lewis. Strong reasons make strong actions : Let
us go ;

If you say, Ay, the king will not say, No. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*England. Northampton. A Room in the Castle. Enter
HUBERT, and Executioners.*

Hubert.

HE A T me these irons hot ; and, look thou stand
Within the arras : when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth ;
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair : be heedful : hence, and watch.

Exec. I hope, your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples ! Fear not you : look to't.—

[Exeunt Executioners.]

Young lad, come forth ; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

10

Arth. As little prince (having so great a title
To be more prince) as may be.—You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me !

Methinks, no body should be sad, but I :

Yet, I remember, when I was in France,

Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,

Only for wantonness. By my christendom,

So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,

I should

I should be as merry as the day is long ; 20
 And so I would be here, but that I doubt
 My uncle practises more harm to me :
 He is afraid of me, and I of him :
 Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's son ?
 No, indeed, is't not ; And I would to heaven,
 I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
 He will awake my mercy, which lies dead :
 Therefore I will be sudden, and dispatch. [*Aside.*

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert ? you look pale to-
 day :

In sooth, I would you were a little sick ; 31
 That I might sit all night, and watch with you ;
 I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

Hub. His words do take possession of my bosom.—
 Read here, young Arthur—— [*Shewing a Paper.*
 How now, foolish rheum ! [*Aside.*

Turning dispiteous torture out of door ?
 I must be brief ; lest resolution drop
 Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.—
 Can you not read it ? is it not fair writ ? 40

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect :
 Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes ?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you ?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart ? When your head did
 but ake,

I knit my handkerchief about your brows

(The

(The best I had, a princess wrought it me),
 And I did never ask it you again:
 And with my hand at midnight held your head; 50
 And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
 Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time;
 Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?
 Or, What good love may I perform for you?
 Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
 And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
 But you at your sick service had a prince.
 Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,
 And call it, cunning: Do, an if you will:
 If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill, 60
 Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?
 These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
 So much as frown on you?

Hub. I have sworn to do it;
 And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it!
 The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
 Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
 And quench this fiery indignation,
 Even in the matter of mine innocence: 70
 Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
 But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
 Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
 An if an angel should have come to me,
 And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,
 I would not have believ'd him; no tongue, but Hu-
 bert's. [*HUBERT stamps, and the Men enter.*

Hub. Come forth; do as I bid you do.

Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are
out,

Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men. 79

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be so boisterous-rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.

For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!

Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,

And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;

I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,

Nor look upon the iron angrily:

Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,

Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him. 90

Exec. I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed.

[*Exeunt.*]

Arth. Alas, I then have chid away my friend;

He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:—

Let him come back, that his compassion may

Give life to your's.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O heaven!—that there were but a moth in
your's,

A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandring hair, 100

Any annoyance in that precious sense!

Then, feeling what small things are boisterous there,

Your vile intent, must needs seem horrible.

Hub.

Hub. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!
Or, Hubert if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes; O, spare mine eyes;
Though to no use, but still to look on you! 110
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with
grief,
Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeserv'd extremes: See else yourself;
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy. 120

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes;
And, like a dog, that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.
All things, that you should use to do me wrong,
Deny their office: only you do lack
That mercy, which fierce fire, and iron, extends,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eye
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes: 131

Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were disguised.

Hub. Peace : no more. Adieu ;
Your uncle must not know but you are dead :
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world, 140
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heaven! —I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence ; no more : Go closely in with me ;
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

*The Court of England. Enter King JOHN, PEMBROKE,
SALISBURY, and other Lords.*

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again
crown'd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

Pemb. This once again, but that your highness
pleas'd,
Was once superfluous : you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off ;
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt ; 150
Fresh expectation troubled not the land,
With any long'd-for change, or better state.

Sal.

Sal. Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,
 To guard a title that was rich before,
 To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
 To throw a perfume on the violet,
 To smooth the ice, or add another hue
 Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
 To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
 Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess. 160

Pemb. But that your royal pleasure must be done,
 This act is as an ancient tale new told;
 And, in the last repeating, troublesome,
 Being urged at a time unseasonable.

Sal. In this, the antique and well-noted face
 Of plain old form is much disfigured:
 And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
 It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about;
 Startles and frights consideration;
 Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected, 170
 For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Pemb. When workmen strive to do better than
 well,
 They do confound their skill in covetousness:
 And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault
 Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse;
 As patches, set upon a little breach,
 Discredit more in hiding of the fault,
 Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,
 We breath'd our counsel: but it pleas'd your highness
 To overbear it; and we are all well pleas'd; 18

Since all and every part of what we would,
Doth make a stand at what your highness will.

K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possess'd you with, and think them strong;
And more, more strong (when lesser is my fear)
I shall endue you with: Mean time, but ask
What you would have reform'd, that is not well;
And well shall you perceive, how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests. 190

Pemb. Then I (as one that am the tongue of these,
To sound the purposes of all their hearts),
Both for myself and them (but, chief of all,
Your safety, for the which myself and them
Bend their best studies) heartily request
The enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument—
If, what in rest you have, in right you hold,
Why then your fears (which, as they say, attend 200
The steps of wrong) should move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman, and to choak his days
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise:
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit,
That you have bid us ask his liberty;
Which for our goods we do no further ask,
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal, he have his liberty. 210

K. John. Let it be so; I do commit his youth

Enter HUBERT.

To your direction.—Hubert, what news with you?

Pemb. This is the man should do the bloody deed;
He shew'd his warrant to a friend of mine:
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his
Does shew the mood of a much-troubled breast;
And I do fearfully believe, 'tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do. 219

Sal. The colour of the king doth come and go,
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set:
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

Pemb. And, when it breaks, I fear, will issue
thence
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong
hand:—

Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead;
He tells us, Arthur is deceas'd to-night. 229

Sal. Indeed, we fear'd, his sickness was past cure.

Pemb. Indeed, we heard how near his death he was,
Before the child himself felt he was sick:
This must be answer'd, either here, or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows on
me?

Think you, I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

Sal.

Sal. It is apparent foul-play ; and 'tis shame,
That greatness should so grossly offer it :—
So thrive it in your game ! and so farewell.

Pemb. Stay yet, lord Salisbury ; I'll go with thee,
And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood, which ow'd the breadth of all this isle,
Three foot of it doth hold ; Bad world the while !
This must not be thus borne : this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt. [*Exeunt.*

K. John. They burn in indignation ; I repent :
There is no sure foundation set on blood ;
No certain life achiev'd by others' death.—

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast ; Where is that blood, 250
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks ?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm :
Pour down thy weather :—How goes all in France ?

Mes. From France to England.—Never such a
power
For any foreign preparation,
Was levy'd in the body of a land !
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them ;
For, when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings come, that they are all arriv'd.

K. John. O, where hath our intelligence been
drunk ? 260
Where hath it slept ? Where is my mother's care ?
That such an army could be drawn in France,

And

And she not hear of it?

Mes. My liege, her ear
Is stopt with dust: the first of April, dy'd
Your noble mother: And, as I hear, my lord,
The lady Constance in a frenzy dy'd
Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard; if true, or false, I know not.

K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion!
O, make a league with me, 'till I have pleas'd 271
My discontented peers!—What! mother dead?
How wildly then walks my estate in France?—
Under whose conduct came those powers of France,
That, thou for truth giv'st out, are landed here?

Mes. Under the Dauphin.

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE and PETER OF POMFRET.

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings.—Now, what says the world
To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full. 280

Faul. But, if you be afeard to hear the worst,
Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.

K. John. Bear with me, cousin; for I was amaz'd
Under the tide: but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood; and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

Faulc. How I have sped among the clergymen,
The sums I have collected shall express.
But, as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasy'd; 290
Possess'd

Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams ;
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear :
And here's a prophet, that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels ;
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhimes,
That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
Your highness should deliver up your crown.

K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore did'st thou
say so ? 299

Peter. Fore-knowing that the truth will fall out so.

K. John. Hubert, away with him ; imprison him ;
And on that day at noon, whereon, he says,
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd :
Deliver him to safety, and return,
For I must use thee.—O my gentle cousin,

[*Exit HUBERT, with PETER.*
Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd ?

Faulc. The French, my lord ; men's mouths are
full of it :

Besides, I met lord Bigot, and lord Salisbury
(With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire),
And others more, going to seek the grave 310
Of Arthur, who, they say, is kill'd to-night
On your suggestion.

K. John. Gentle kinsman, go,
And thrust thyself into their companies :
I have a way to win their loves again ;
Bring them before me.

Faulc. I will seek them out.

K. John.

K. John. Nay, but make haste ; the better foot before.—

O, let me have no subject enemies,
When adverse foreigners affright my towns 320
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion !—
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels ;
And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

Faulc. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.
[Exit.

K. John. Spoke like a sprightful noble gentleman.
Go after him ; for he, perhaps, shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers ;
And be thou he.

Mes. With all my heart, my liege. [Exit.

K. John. My mother dead ! 330

Re-enter HUBERT.

Hub. My lord, they say, five moons were seen to-
night :

Four fixed ; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four, in wondrous motion.

K. John. Five moons !

Hub. Old men, and beldams, in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously :
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths :
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear ;
And he, that speaks, doth gripe the hearer's wrist ;
Whilst he, that hears, makes fearful action 341
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.

I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers (which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet)
Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embattled and rank'd in Kent: 350
Another lean unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these
fears?

Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

Hub. Had none, my lord! why, did not you pro-
voke me?

K. John. It is the curse of kings, to be attended
By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life: 360
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour than advis'd respect.

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. John. Oh, when the last account 'twixt heaven
and earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation!
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,
Makes

Makes deeds ill done? Hadst not thou been by, 375
 A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
 Quoted, and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,
 This murder had not come into my mind:
 But, taking note of thy abhorred aspect,
 Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
 Apt, liable, to be employ'd in danger,
 I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
 And thou, to be endeared to a king,
 Madst it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub. My lord——

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made 380
 a pause,

When I spake darkly what I purposed;
 Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face;
 Or bid me tell my tale in express words;
 Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
 And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me:
 But thou didst understand me by my signs,
 And didst in signs again parley with sin;
 Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
 And, consequently, thy rude hand to act 390
 The deed, which both our tongues held vile to
 name.—

Out of my sight, and never see me more!
 My nobles leave me; and my state is brav'd,
 Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers:
 Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
 This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
 Hostility and civil tumult reigns

H

Between

Between my conscience, and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your soul and you. 400
Young Arthur is alive : This hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought,
And you have slander'd nature in my form ;
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live ? O, haste thee to the
peers, 410
Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience !
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature ; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
Oh, answer not ; but to my closet bring
The angry lords, with all expedient haste :
I conjure thee but slowly ; run more fast. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Street before a Prison. Enter ARTHUR on the Walls.

Arth. The wall is high ; and yet will I leap down :—
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!— 421

There's few, or none, do know me; if they did,
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite.
I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:
As good to die, and go, as die, and stay.

[Leaps down.

Oh me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones:—
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones!

[Dies.

Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at saint Edmund's-
Bury;

It is our safety, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time. 431

Pemb. Who brought that letter from the cardinal?

Sal. The count Melun, a noble lord of France;
Whose private with me, of the Dauphin's love,
Is much more general than these lines import.

Bigot. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.

Sal. Or, rather, then set forward: for 'twill be
Two long days journey, lords, or e'er we meet.

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE.

Faulc. Once more to-day well met, distemper'd
lords! 440

The king, by me, requests your presence straight.

Sal. The king hath dispossess'd himself of us;
We will not line his thin bestained cloak

Hij

With

With our pure honours, nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where-e'er it walks :
Return, and tell him so ; we know the worst.

Faulc. Whate'er you think, good words, I think,
were best.

Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.

Faulc. But there is little reason in your grief ;
Therefore, 'twere reason, you had manners now. 450

Pemb. Sir, sir, impatience hath its privilege.

Faulc. 'Tis true ; to hurt his master, no man else.

Sal. This is the prison : What is he lies here ?

[Seeing ARTHUR.

Pemb. O death, made proud with pure and princely
beauty !

The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.

Bigot. Or, when he doom'd this beauty to the grave,
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.

Sal. Sir Richard, what think you ? Have you be-
held, 460

Or have you read, or heard ? or could you think ?
Or do you almost think, although you see,
That you do see ? could thought, without this object,
Form such another ? This is the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
Of murder's arms : this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savag'ry, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage,
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

Pemb.

Pemb. All murders past do stand excus'd in this:
And this, so sole, and so unmatched, 471
Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet-unbegotten sins of time;
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
Example'd by this heinous spectacle.

Faulc. It is a damned and a bloody work;
The graceless action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand?—
We had a kind of light, what would ensue: 480
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;
The practice, and the purpose, of the king:—
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to this breathless excellence
The incense of a vow, a holy vow;
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
'Till I have set a glory to this hand, 490
By giving it the worship of revenge.

Pemb. Bigot. Our souls religiously confirm thy
words.

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you:
Arthur doth live; the king hath sent for you.

Sal. Oh, he is bold, and blushes not at death:—
Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!

H i i j

Hub.

Hub. I am no villain.

Sal. Must I rob the law? [*Drawing his Sword.*]

Faulc. Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again.

Sal. Not 'till I sheath it in a murderer's skin. 500

Hub. Stand back, lord Salisbury, stand back, I say;
By heaven, I think, my sword's as sharp as your's;
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

Bigot. Out, dunghill! dar'st thou brave a noble-
man?

Hub. Not for my life: but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an emperor.

Sal. Thou art a murderer. 510

Hub. Do not prove me so;
Yet, I am none: Whose tongue soe'er speaks false,
Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.

Pemb. Cut him to pieces.

Faulc. Keep the peace, I say.

Sal. Stand by, or I shall gaul you, Faulconbridge.

Faulc. Thou wert better gaul the devil, Salisbury:
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime; 520
Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

Bigot. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulcon-
bridge?

Second a villain, and a murderer?

Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.

Bigot. Who kill'd this prince?

Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well:
I honour'd him, I lov'd him; and will weep
My date of life out, for his sweet life's loss.

Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villany is not without such rheum; 531
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocency.
Away, with me, all you whose souls abhor
The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house;
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

Bigot. Away, toward Bury, to the Dauphin there!

Pemb. There, tell the king, he may inquire us out.

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

Faulc. Here's a good world!—Knew you of this
fair work?

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach 540
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

Hub. Do but hear me, sir.

Faulc. Ha! I'll tell thee what;
Thou art damn'd so black—nay, nothing is so black;
Thou art more deep damn'd than prince Lucifer:
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

Hub. Upon my soul——

Faulc. If thou didst but consent 550
To this most cruel act, do but despair,

And,

And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be a beam
To hang thee on: or, would'st thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.—
I do suspect thee very grievously.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought, 560
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me!
I left him well.

Faulc. Go, bear him in thine arms.—
I am amaz'd, methinks; and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.—
How easy dost thou take all England up!
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
The life, the right, and truth of all this realm 570
Is fled to heaven; and England now is left
To tug, and scramble, and to part by the teeth
The un-owed interest of proud-swelling state.
Now, for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty,
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:
Now powers from home, and discontents at home,
Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits
(As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast)
The imminent decay of wrested pomp. 580
Now happy he, whose cloak and cincture can

Hold

Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child,
And follow me with speed ; I'll to the king :
A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
And heaven itself doth frown upon the land. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

*The Court of England. Enter King JOHN, PANDULPH,
and Attendants.*

King John

THUS have I yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory. [*Giving up the Crown.*

Pan. Take again
From this my hand, as holding of the pope,
Your sovereign greatness and authority.

K. John. Now keep your holy word : go meet the
French :
And from his holiness use all your power
To stop their marches, 'fore we are inflam'd.
Our discontented counties do revolt ;
Our people quarrel with obedience ; 10
Swearing allegiance, and the love of soul,
To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.
This inundation of mistemper'd humour
Rests by you only to be qualify'd.
Then pause not ; for the present time's so sick
That

That present medicine must be ministred,
Or overthrow incurable ensues.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempest up,
Upon your stubborn usage of the pope:
But, since you are a gentle convertite,

20

My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,
And make fair weather in your blustering land.

On this Ascension-Day, remember well,

Upon your oath of service to the pope,

Go I to make the French lay down their arms. [*Exit.*]

K. John. Is this Ascension-Day? Did not the prophet

Say, that, before Ascension-Day at noon,

My crown I should give off? Even so I have:

I did suppose it should be on constraint;

But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

30

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE.

Faulc. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds
out,

But Dover castle: London hath receiv'd,

Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers:

Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone

To offer service to your enemy;

And wild amazement hurries up and down

The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me again,
After they heard young Arthur was alive?

Faulc. They found him dead, and cast into the
streets;

40

An

An empty casket, where the jewel of life,
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. John. That villain Hubert told me, he did live.

Faulc. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.
But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?

Be great in act, as you have been in thought;

Let not the world see fear, and sad distrust,

Govern the motion of a kingly eye:

Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;

Threaten the threatner, and out-face the brow

Of bragging horror; so shall inferior eyes,

That borrow their behaviours from the great,

Grow great by your example, and put on

The dauntless spirit of resolution.

Away; and glister like the god of war,

When he intendeth to become the field:

Shew boldness, and aspiring confidence.

What, shall they seek the lion in his den?

And fright him there; and make him tremble there?

Oh, let it not be said!—Forage, and run

To meet displeasure farther from the doors;

And grapple with him, ere he come so nigh.

K. John. The legate of the pope hath been with me,

And I have made a happy peace with him;

And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers

Led by the Dauphin.

Faulc. Oh inglorious league!

Shall we, upon the footing of our land,

Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,

Insinuation, parley, and base truce,

70

To

To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,
 A cocker'd silken wanton brave our fields,
 And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
 Mocking the air with colours idly spread,
 And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:
 Perchance, the cardinal cannot make your peace;
 Or if he do, let it at least be said,
 They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this present
 time. 79

Faulc. Away then, with good courage; yet, I know,
 Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*The Dauphin's Camp at St. Edmund's-Bury. Enter, in
 Arms, LEWIS, SALISBURY, MELUN, PEMBROKE,
 BIGOT, and Soldiers.*

Lewis. My lord Melun, let this be copied out,
 And keep it safe for our remembrance:
 Return the precedent to these lords again;
 That, having our fair order written down,
 Both they, and we, perusing o'er these notes,
 May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
 And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
 And, noble dauphin, albeit we swear 90
 A voluntary zeal, and an unurg'd faith,

To

To your proceedings ; yet, believe me, prince,
 I am not glad that such a sore of time
 Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt,
 And heal the inveterate canker of one wound,
 By making many : Oh, it grieves my soul,
 That I must draw this metal from my side
 To be a widow-maker ; oh, and there,
 Where honourable rescue, and defence,
 Cries out upon the name of Salisbury : 100
 But such is the infection of the time,
 That, for the health and physick of our right,
 We cannot deal but with the very hand
 Of stern injustice and confused wrong.—
 And is't not pity, oh my grieved friends !
 That we, the sons and children of this isle,
 Were born to see so sad an hour as this ;
 Wherein we step after a stranger march
 Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
 Her enemies' ranks (I must withdraw and weep 110
 Upon the spot of this enforced cause),
 To grace the gentry of a land remote,
 And follow unacquainted colours here ?
 What, here ?—O nation, that thou could'st remove !
 That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,
 Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
 And grapple thee unto a Pagan shore ;
 Where these two Christian armies might combine
 The blood of malice in a vein of league,
 And not to spend it so unneighbourly ! 120

Lewis. A noble temper dost thou shew in this;
And great affections wrestling in thy bosom,
Do make an earthquake of nobility.
Oh, what a noble combat hast thou fought,
Between compulsion, and a brave respect!
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks:
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;
But this effusion of such manly drops, 130
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away this storm:
Commend these waters to those baby eyes,
That never saw the giant world enrag'd;
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping. 140
Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
Into the purse of rich prosperity,
As Lewis himself:—so, nobles, shall you all,
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.

Enter PANDULPH, attended.

And even there, methinks, an angel spake:
Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of heaven;
And

And on our actions set the name of right,
With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble prince of France! 150
The next is this—king John hath reconcil'd
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy church,
The great metropolis and see of Rome:
Therefore thy threat'ning colours now wind up,
And tame the savage spirit of wild war;
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in shew.

Lewis. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not
back; 160
I am too high-born to be property'd,
To be a secondary at control,
Or useful serving-man, and instrument,
To any sovereign state throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars
Between this chastis'd kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right, 170
Acquainted me with interest to this land,
Yea, thrust this enterprize into my heart;
And come ye now to tell me, John hath made
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;

And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back,
 Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
 Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne,
 What men provided, what munition sent, 180
 To underprop this action? is't not I,
 That undergo this charge? who else but I,
 And such as to my claim are liable,
 Sweat in this business, and maintain this war?
 Have I not heard these islanders shout out,
Vive le roy! as I have bank'd their towns?
 Have I not here the best cards for the game,
 To win this easy match play'd for a crown?
 And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?
 No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said. 190

Pand. You look but on the outside of this work.

Lewis. Outside or inside, I will not return
 'Till my attempt so much be glorify'd
 As to my ample hope was promised
 Before I drew this gallant head of war,
 And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,
 To out-look conquest, and to win renown
 Even in the jaws of danger and of death.—

[*Trumpet sounds.*]

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE, attended.

Faulc. According to the fair-play of the world,
 Let me have audience; I am sent to speak:— 201
 My holy lord of Milan, from the king
 I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;
 And,

And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties;
He flatly says, he'll not lay down his arms.

Faulc. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
The youth says well:—Now hear our English king;
For thus his royalty doth speak in me. 211

He is prepar'd; and reason too, he should:
This apish and unmannerly approach,
This harness'd masque, and unadvised revel,
This unhair'd sauciness, and boyish troops,
The king doth smile at; and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.

That hand, which had the strength, even at your
door,

To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch; 220
To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells;
To crouch in litter of your stable planks;
To lie, like pawns, lock'd up in chests and trunks;
To hug with swine; to seek sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons; and to thrill, and shake,
Even at the crying of your nation's crow,
Thinking this voice an armed Englishman;—
Shall that victorious hand be feeble here,
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
No: Know, the gallant monarch is in arms; 230
And like an eagle o'er his airy towers,
To souse annoyance that comes near his nest,—

And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame :
For your own ladies, and pale-visag'd maids,
Like Amazons, come tripping after drums ;
Their thimbles into armed gantlets change,
Their needles to lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination. 240

Lewis. There end thy brave, and turn thy face in
peace ;

We grant, thou canst out-scold us : fare thee well ;
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabler.

Pand. Give me leave to speak.

Faulc. No, I will speak.

Lewis. We will attend to neither :—
Strike up the drums ; and let the tongue of war
Plead for our interest, and our being here.

Faulc. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry
out ; 250

And so shall you, being beaten : Do but start
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd,
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine ;
Sound but another, and another shall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder : for at hand
(Not trusting to this halting legate here,
Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than need)
Is warlike John ; and in his forehead sits 260

A bare-

A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

Lewis. Strike up our drums, to find this danger
out.

Faulc. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not
doubt. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*A Field of Battle. Alarums. Enter King JOHN, and
HUBERT.*

K. John. How goes the day with us? oh, tell me,
Hubert.

Hub. Badly, I fear: How fares your majesty?

K. John. This fever, that hath troubled me so long,
Lies heavy on me; Oh, my heart is sick!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulcon-
bridge,
Desires your majesty to leave the field; 270
And send him word by me, which way you go.

K. John. Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the abbey
there.

Mes. Be of good comfort; for the great supply,
That was expected by the Dauphin here,
Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin sands.
This news was brought to Richard but even now:
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

K. John.

K. John. Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.—
Set on toward Swinstead: to my litter straight; 280
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

*The French Camp. Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE,
and BIGOT.*

Sal. I did not think the king so stor'd with friends.

Pemb. Up once again; put spirit in the French;
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

Sal. That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In spite of spight, alone upholds the day.

Pemb. They say, king John, sore sick, hath left
the field.

Enter MELUN wounded, and led by Soldiers.

Melun. Lead me to the revolts of England here.

Sal. When we were happy, we had other names.

Pemb. It is the count Melun. 290

Sal. Wounded to death.

Melun. Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold?
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,
And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out king John, and fall before his feet;
For, if the French be lords of this loud day,
He means to recompence the pains you take,

By

By cutting off your heads : Thus hath he sworn,
And I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the altar at Saint Edmund's-Bury ;
Even on that altar, where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.

Sal. May this be possible ! may this be true !

Melun. Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life ;
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire ?
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit ?
Why should I then be false ; since it is true
That I must die here, and live hence by truth ?
I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of your's
Behold another day break in the east :

But even this night—whose black contagious breath
Already smokes about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun—
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire ;
Paying the fine of rated treachery,
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If Lewis by your assistance win the day.

Commend me to one Hubert, with your king ;
The love of him—and this respect besides,
For that my grandsire was an Englishman—
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the field ;

Where

Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
 In peace, and part this body and my soul
 With contemplation and devout desires. 330

Sal. We do believe thee—And beshrew my soul
 But I do love the favour and the form
 Of this most fair occasion, by the which
 We will untread the steps of damned flight;
 And, like a bated and retired flood,
 Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
 Stoop low within those bounds we have o'er-look'd,
 And calmly run on in obedience,
 Even to our ocean, to our great king John.—
 My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence; 340
 For I do see the cruel pangs of death
 Right in thine eye.—Away, my friends! New flight;
 And happy newness, that intends old right.
 [Exeunt, leading off MELUN.]

SCENE V.

*A different Part of the French Camp. Enter LEWIS, and
 his Train.*

Lewis. The sun of heaven, methought was loth to
 set;
 But staid, and made the western welkin blush,
 When the English measur'd backward their own
 ground
 In faint retire: Oh, bravely came we off,
 When

When with a volley of our needless shot,
 After such bloody toil, we bid good night;
 And wound our tatter'd colours clearly up, 350
 Last in the field, and almost lords of it!—

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where is my prince, the Dauphin?

Lewis. Here:—What news?

Mes. The count Melun is slain; the English
 lords,

By his persuasion, are again fallen off:
 And your supplies, which you have wish'd so long,
 Are cast away, and sunk, on Goodwin sands.

Lewis. Ah foul shrewd news!—Beshrew thy very
 heart!

I did not think to be so sad to-night,
 As this hath made me.—Who was he, that said, 360
 King John did fly, an hour or two before
 The stumbling night did part our weary powers?

Mes. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

Lewis. Well; keep good quarter, and good care
 to-night:

The day shall not be up so soon as I,
 To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE

SCENE VI.

An open Place in the Neighbourhood of Swinstead-Abbey. Enter FAULCONBRIDGE, and HUBERT, severally.

Hub. Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or
I shoot.

Faulc. A friend:—What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Faulc. Whither dost thou go? 370

Hub. What's that to thee? Why may I not demand

Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?

Faulc. Hubert, I think.

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:
I will, upon all hazards, well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so
well:

Who art thou?

Faulc. Who thou wilt: an if thou please,
Thou may'st befriend me so much, as to think
I come one way of the Plantagenets. 380

Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou, and eyeless
night,

Have done me shame:—Brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent, breaking from thy tongue,
Should scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Faulc.

Faulc. Come, come; sans compliment, what news abroad?

Hub. Why, here walk I, in the black brow of night,
To find you out.

Faulc. Brief, then; and what's the news?

Hub. O my sweet sir, news fitted to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible. 390

Faulc. Shew me the very wound of this ill news;
I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.

Hub. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk:
I left him almost speechless, and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil; that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this.

Faulc. How did he take it? who did taste to him?

Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king 400
Yet speaks, and, peradventure, may recover.

Faulc. Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty?

Hub. Why, know you not, the lords are all come
back,
And brought prince Henry in their company?
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them:
And they are all about his majesty.

Faulc. Withhold thine indignation mighty heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power!—
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,

K

Passing

Passing these flats, are taken by the tide, 410
 These Lincoln washes have devoured them;
 Myself, well-mounted, hardly have escap'd.
 Away, before! conduct me to the king;
 I doubt, he will be dead, or ere I come. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.

*The Orchard in Swinstead-Abbey. Enter Prince HENRY,
 SALISBURY, and BIGOT.*

Hen. It is too late; the life of all his blood
 Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain
 (Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-
 house)
 Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
 Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter PEMBROKE.

Pemb. His highness yet doth speak; and holds be-
 lief, 420
 That being brought into the open air,
 It would allay the burning quality
 Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard
 here.—
 Doth he still rage?

Pemb. He is more patient
 Than when you left him; even now he sung.

Hen.

Hen. O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes,
In their continuance, will not feel themselves.
Death having prey'd upon the outward parts 430
Leaves them: invisible his siege is now,
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies;
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange, that death should
sing.—

I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death;
And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort, prince; for you are
born 440
To set a form upon that indigest
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

King JOHN brought in.

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-
room;

It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment; and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

Hen. How fares your majesty? 450

K. John. Poison'd—ill fare;—dead, forsook, cast
off:

K i j

And

And none of you will bid the winter come,
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom; nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold:—I do not ask you
much,

I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait,
And so ingrateful, you deny me that. 459

Hen. Oh, that there were some virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you!

K. John. The salt of them is hot.—
Within me is a hell; and there the poison
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
On unreprievable condemned blood.

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE.

Faulc. Oh, I am scalded with my violent motion,
And spleen of speed to see your majesty.

K. John. Oh cousin, thou art come to set mine
eye:

The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burnt; 469
And all the shrowds, wherewith my life should sail,
Are turned to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but 'till thy news be uttered;
And then all this thou seest, is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty.

Faulc. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward;
Where,

Where, heaven he knows, how we shall answer him :
 For, in a night, the best part of my power,
 As I upon advantage did remove,
 Were in the washes, all unwarily, 485
 Devoured by the unexpected flood. [*The King dies.*

Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead an
 ear.—

My liege ! my lord !—But now a king—now thus.

Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so stop.
 What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
 When this was now a king, and now is clay !

Faulc. Art thou gone so ? I do but stay behind,
 To do the office for thee of revenge ;
 And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
 As it on earth hath been thy servant still.—— 490
 Now, now, you stars, that move in your right
 spheres,

Where be your powers ? Shew now your mended
 faiths ;

And instantly return with me again,
 To push destruction, and perpetual shame,
 Out of the weak door of our fainting land :
 Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought ;
 The Dauphin rages at our very heels.

Sal. It seems you know not then so much as we :
 The cardinal Pandulph is within at rest, 499
 Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin ;
 And brings from him such offers of our peace
 As we with honour and respect may take,
 With purpose presently to leave this war.

Faulc.

Faulc. He will the rather do it, when he sees
Ourselves well sinewed to our defence.

Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already ;
For many carriages he hath dispatch'd
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the cardinal :
With whom yourself, myself, and other lords, 510
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.

Faulc. Let it be so :—And you, my noble prince,
With other princes that may best be spar'd,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

Hen. At Worcester must his body be interr'd ;
For so he will'd it.

Faulc. Thither shall it then.
And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state and glory of the land ! 520
To whom, with all submission, on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful services
And true subjection everlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore.

Hen. I have a kind soul, that would give you
thanks,
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.

Faulc. Oh, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been before hand with our griefs.—
This England never did (nor never shall), 530
Lye at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.

Now

Now these her princes are come home again,
 Come the three corners of the world in arms,
 And we shall shock them : Nought shall make us
 rue,
 If England to itself do rest but true.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE END.



How these her words are come to pass,
 Come the last corner of the world in arms,
 And we shall shake them : though shall make us

the

If England to itself do rest but true,
 [Enter a messenger]

THE END.



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